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MEMORIAL
OF
WILLIAM S. MARTIEN
A DISCOURSE
Delivered At The Funeral By The
REV. JAMES M CROWELL

Philadelphia · 1861

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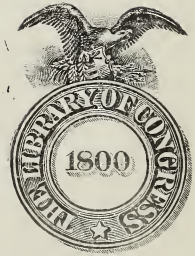

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MEMORIAL

OF

WILLIAM S. MARTIEN.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

Seventh Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia,

AT THE FUNERAL, APRIL 20, 1861.

BY THE PASTOR

Rev. JAMES M. CROWELL.

PHILADELPHIA:

1861.

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TESTIMONIALS.

At a meeting of the Session of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, In the mysterious Providence of God we have been called suddenly and soon to mourn the death of another of our colleagues, Mr. William S. Martien, who for fifteen years discharged the office of Ruling Elder in this Church: therefore,

Resolved, That in this event, the Presbyterian Church at large has occasion for deep regret, in consequence of the post of efficient usefulness which was occupied by the deceased, and the intimate relations which he sustained to the several benevolent agencies of the Church.

Resolved, That while appreciating the loss sustained by the whole Church in his death, we feel that the bereavement with which we, as a Session, and a particular congregation, have been visited, is too great to be as yet fully realized.

Resolved, That though this trial is severe, and has been sent by One who "*bringeth the blind by a way that they know not*," yet, we shall endeavour to receive it as the chastisement of our Heavenly Father's hand, intended for our spiritual good, and growth in grace; while we shall cherish a grateful remembrance of the kindness of God in permitting this church to enjoy so long the steadfast energy, and affectionate fidelity of his servant now "*entered into rest*."

Resolved, That the pastor, the Rev. James M. Crowell, be requested to furnish for publication the funeral discourse delivered by him as a memorial, to be distributed among the families of this Church.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Board desires to record their sense of the great loss which our church and congregation have sustained in

the decease of Mr. William S. Martien, for so many years a Trustee and Treasurer, whose unwearied and self-denying labours in their service, as well as his liberal contributions, must ever be held in grateful remembrance.

At a special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Domestic Missions of the Presbyterian Church, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz.

Resolved, That it is with profound regret the Committee have heard of the death of Mr. William S. Martien, with whom they have been so long and pleasantly associated.

Resolved, That, in the death of this excellent brother, this Committee are deprived of one who, by his earnest and unflagging devotion to the cause of Missions, his wise counsels and punctual attendance upon the meetings of the Committee, has made their loss in his removal very great and difficult to be borne.

Resolved, That they will cherish the memory of his example as an incentive to their zeal in the prosecution of the great work devolved upon them.

Resolved, That they tender to his bereaved family the assurance of their sincere sympathy in the grievous loss they have sustained, while they rejoice with them in the abundant consolation that they sorrow not as others who have no hope.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect, this Committee will, in their official capacity, attend the funeral of their late associate.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, duly authenticated, be presented to the family of Mr. Martien.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

We are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding. Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is: that I may know how frail I am. For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.

Jesus said unto her (Martha), I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day, upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again; even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him. Wherefore comfort one another with these words. For I reckon that

the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.

Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory. In thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

We know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord. We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. For to me to

live is Christ, and to die is gain. I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.

God is in the midst of us once more, and the stroke of His hand is upon us. While agitation and alarm are around about us on every side in the world without, the voice of the Lord is heard speaking to us in the Church. But a few weeks since, a scene similar to the present was witnessed in this house of God, as we were gathered to pay the tribute of our sorrow to the memory of one of the elders of this church. Of those who, upon that occasion, officiated as pall-bearers, two have passed away from the scenes of this life. One of them, a ruling elder in a sister church, was laid in his last resting-place a few days ago; the other, a ruling elder in this church, we are now about to carry to his grave.

We stand in consternation in the midst of these stern, solemn facts. We see the hand of the Lord moving mightily over our heads, and we are overwhelmed with a sense of our own

weakness, as we recognize the irresistible movements of His providence. Yea, "God hath spoken once—*twice* have we heard this—that power belongeth unto God." *Power*, which when it is lifted up against us, stuns and startles us, and causes us to be "dumb and open not our mouth," because *the Lord* is doing it. O how the clouds gather in the sky above us, and how the darkness thickens around about us, as we hear the voice of the Almighty speaking to us from off His hidden throne, "BE STILL, and know that I am God!"

We mourn to-day the loss of *a valuable man.* And perhaps the prevalent feeling with us is that of strange bewilderment, because of the suddenness of his departure from among us. In the very last week, he was engaged in the active duties of life, apparently in the enjoyment of health, mingling with his friends, without any thought of dying soon, and discharging with his usual fidelity all the trusts committed to him. In the midnight hour, before the coming of the last Sabbath, however, he was seized with a severe attack of disease, and with terrible rapidity its fatal work went on, until the afternoon of Tuesday, when his spirit passed away. So speedily was his removal accomplished, that

many in the large circle of his acquaintance, who would have hastened to his side immediately had they known of his illness, knew nothing of it, until the painful announcement fell upon them that he was gone from the scenes of life, into the immediate presence of God.

Mr. William Stockton Martien was born on the 20th of June, 1798, and belonged to a family of Huguenot descent. His mother reached the advanced age of ninety-one, but when he was an infant of only six weeks, he lost his father. Yet, though left to enter upon life without his counsel and aid, the blessing which that father gave him when dying, seemed to go with him through all his subsequent career of success and influence.

In the year 1828, he engaged in business, in partnership with Mr. James Russell, and this connection was continued until 1834, during all of which time, according to the testimony of the surviving partner, not the slightest difficulty ever occurred to mar their friendship or good feeling. So amiable and kind was his disposition, that it was impossible for any but the most pleasant relations to be maintained with him. He was universally popular with those in his employment; and his partner in the early period of his life,

continued to the very last hour of it to be his intimate friend.

In 1830, in connection with some other gentlemen, he engaged in the establishment of the PRESBYTERIAN, at a period when such an enterprise was attended with great difficulty; and from the year 1834 until the present time continued to be its chief proprietor and publisher. Upon his energy and determination the existence of that valuable newspaper in its early inception very materially depended. And if they who have been so long identified with it, have been enabled to accomplish anything for the glory of God, and the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, through its columns, during the thirty years of its history, by their steadfast advocacy of the doctrines and polity of the Presbyterian Church, it has been owing, to a very great extent, to the enterprise and efficiency with which Mr. Martien conducted the operations which were under his management.

In 1833 he commenced the publication of religious books, a business in which he was actively engaged till the time of his death. The works issued by his house have always been of a standard religious character, and the whole Church can testify to the fidelity and conscientiousness with which the trust was discharged.

But it was not only in connection with these efficient agencies of usefulness that he faithfully served the Church and the world. As a member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Domestic Missions, his earnest devotion and wise counsels have long been regarded as an element of great value to that cause. He was, besides these, very intimately related to the Board of Publication of the Presbyterian Church. In the early infancy of this excellent Institution in 1833, in the days of its feeble incipiency, when there was much misgiving, and yet strong faith concerning it, he extended to it a helping hand. It was then called "The Presbyterian Tract and Sabbath-school Book Society," and he was the first publisher of its issues. When located at the corner of Seventh and George streets, the operations of the Society were carried on in the upper room of his establishment, by those more immediately engaged in it, while a few shelves were reserved in the book-store below, for the tracts which were issued for distribution in the Church. And from that time until his death, he continued to serve the Board by appointment of the General Assembly, as a most faithful and efficient member. Through all the history of its expanding usefulness, as one of the beneficent agencies of the

Church, he was ever seen standing by it, in the sunshine and in the storm, as its firm and earnest supporter.

There was still one other department of usefulness in which Mr. Martien accomplished a most valuable work. I refer to his connection with this particular church. The place in which we are assembled on this sad occasion, this very house of God, may well claim to be one of the monuments of his large-hearted and generous devotion to the good of Zion. It is well known that this church was originally styled the "Independent Tabernacle," and worshipped in Ranstead Court, between Fourth and Fifth, and Chestnut and Market streets. When the congregation extended a call for the pastoral services of the Rev. Dr. William M. Engles, its ecclesiastical connection was transferred, and it then became the "Seventh Presbyterian Church" Among others who connected themselves with the church at that time, was the family of Mr. Martien, whose membership had previously been with the First Presbyterian Church, under the care of the Rev. Dr. James P. Wilson. During the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Engles, he made a profession of religion, April 18th, 1830, was afterwards chosen to the office of deacon in the church, and, subse-

quently, in the year 1846, he was elected and ordained ruling elder, in which office he continued to serve until his death.

When the matter of leaving Ranstead Court and building a church edifice in another locality was agitated in the congregation, Mr. Martien favoured the removal, and among others took a very prominent and influential part in the whole enterprise. He devoted himself to it with earnest fidelity, and shared very largely in the responsibilities which arose from the erection of the new church. In all the operations connected with the transfer of the old property and the removal of the congregation to the present locality on Broad street in 1843, he filled a post of much toil and of most efficient usefulness. And from that time until the very close of his life, he served this church, and sought in every way to promote its interests with a steadfastness that never faltered, with a devotion that never grew weary. He was always ready to respond with cheerful alacrity to every reasonable application that was made to him for aid in any good work that was going on in the Church. The Sabbath-schools and the Mission-schools belonging to the congregation found in him a warm and generous friend. It was en-

couraging to those who were more particularly engaged in them to seek his help, for they were sure to receive it. He favoured the largest liberality in plans and purposes of doing good, and regarded it as the mission of the Church of Christ to be actively engaged in one way or another in the work of spreading the Gospel throughout the whole world, among the heathen at our doors, and among those that are far away.

Every Christian pastor appreciates the strength which is derived from the hearty alliance of those who hold spiritual office in the Church in all matters pertaining to the aggressive mission and work of the Body of Christ; and one of the most pleasant remembrances which it is my sad privilege to cherish concerning the official position of Mr. Martien, is that of the generous support which he rendered to every good cause. He frequently expressed the sentiment to me, that when an application was made to a Christian from any worthy source, a favour was conferred upon him who was asked to *give*, and not upon him who was to receive. The Boards of the Presbyterian Church were especially very near to his heart, and he also took a lively interest in the matter of aiding feeble churches

throughout the country; of many a Christian sanctuary in our land may it be said that he "took pleasure in the stones thereof;" while in times of emergency and appeal for help, it gave him great delight to step forward at once with a liberal offering. As an illustration of this, I may allude to the deep interest which he manifested in the recent wonderful work among the French Canadians in Illinois. He took hold of that matter with remarkable energy, received a very large portion of the contributions which were made to the cause, both in money and in clothing, and attended to their distribution at a great sacrifice of time and labour. No one can ever tell how many objects of Christian sympathy and aid received a blessing at his hands in quiet unobtrusive ways when none knew anything about it. Truly, if "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," there was a place for *him* in that Divine love.

But I cannot dwell on these things. I may only say that the loss which we, as a Christian Church and congregation, sustain in his death, is greater far than we can now estimate. We shall discover the extent of it, and shall feel the severity of it as the days roll on. May God sanctify the bereavement to us as a Church. May these companions of the departed in the

eldership, now once again stricken and reduced in number, be sustained by the grace of God, and grow more faithful still as Death breaks in upon them; and may all the beloved members of this Church draw nearer to Him whose hand has been lifted up against them; for though "clouds and darkness are round about Him," still "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." And, after all, it is only for our profit, that we may be "partakers of His holiness."

This afflictive dispensation is one of a series of Providential dealings which seems to call for the earnest consideration of the Church. In this particular congregation we have had frequent occasions recently to grieve because of the ravages of Death among us. We have been called to bury those whose vacated places it makes us sad to behold. And though they gave evidence that they were the Lord's, and were ready to go and be for ever with Him, yet they were efficient labourers in his vineyard, and we feel that we have suffered loss in their removal. And with reference to the Church in a more extended capacity, how much occasion is there for lamentation in the bereavements which she has recently been called to experience! In the ranks of the ministry, some of the most eminent

standard-bearers of our Church have fallen on the field, and we have been compelled frequently to sit down and weep for the Princes of Israel who have been taken from us.

And in the ranks of the eldership there have also been many falling. Standing in posts of usefulness and influence, entrusted with the confidence and crowned with the honour of those who were associated with them, pronounced to be good and true and faithful men, still, God has called to them to come up higher and live with him. Especially have the ecclesiastical Boards, which we prize and cherish as agencies of our organic labour for the coming of the kingdom, been deprived of some of their most valuable members. Men who have been identified with these great benevolent enterprises for a long period of years, have been snatched away from them—men in the midst of large secular and professional engagements, and "diligent in business" but still "fervent in spirit and serving the Lord." We have an illustration of this before us to-day. We have lost one concerning whom we felt that we could not spare him. And in regard to all this series of losses, it surely becomes us to bow down in lowliness before the Lord, and say, "Remove thy stroke away from

us, for we are consumed by the blow of thy hand!"

But let us not fail, in the pain of our bereavement, to recognize the grace of God which appears in the midst of it. The loss and the sorrow are all *ours;* the everlasting gain, however, belongs to him who has departed from us. There is *substantial* consolation in the evidence afforded that he was a careful, conscientious Christian, maintaining a walk of exemplary piety, and making God's service the work and enjoyment of his life. And the grace that was with him in life continued to manifest itself in death. His dying scene was one of calmness and composure. In full possession of his faculties, he met without alarm the approach of the last enemy. With quiet, uncomplaining patience, he bore all that it pleased his Heavenly Father to send upon him, and serenely strengthened himself in God for the conflict through which he was required to pass.

One of his colleagues in the eldership, a lifelong companion and friend, a brother to him in affection, as well as a brother in Jesus, entered his room on the morning of the day in which he died, and found him in a calm, intelligent, prayerful state of mind. A short time after-

wards, it was my own sad privilege to spend a few moments by his side; and, though very much reduced, he yet gave expression to a peaceful reliance upon the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and an assurance of his preciousness to him. In a few hours more, he gave evidence of sinking more rapidly still, and then, as the shadows came on, and his steps went down into the valley, there lingered still with him a gentle and peaceful composure, which seemed to be like *the sleep that God giveth his beloved.* And so he passed away!

> "So fades a summer cloud away,
> So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
> So gently shuts the eye of day,
> So dies a wave along the shore."

"And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." Peaceful, holy, precious words! how sweetly do they come to us out of heaven to-day, and with what tender consolation do they cheer the stricken hearts that are bowed before God in this great bereavement!

What a positive blessedness, my brethren, does

death bring to the believer! And in this time of fearful calamity in our national affairs, when the clang of arms seems about to fill the land, and the voice of angry contention is borne upon the air, how much does a Christian's dying seem like "entering into rest!" Surely we cannot but feel that the righteous who go home to God "are taken away from the evil to come." Blessed are they who, from the toil and strife of the Church militant, and from the anxieties of an agitated world, are translated into the calm repose and exalted glories of the Church triumphant. Blessed in this way is the soul which so lately dwelt in this now forsaken tabernacle of the flesh. Far from all tumults and perplexities, "the labours of his mortal life have ended in a large reward."

Let all of us, therefore, who feel that we are called by the providence of God to the experience of sorrow, find comfort in the blessedness which God has given to the departed. Let this afflicted Church, and this large circle of friends, and companions, and acquaintances, and co-labourers in the kingdom of Jesus, and especially let the bereaved relatives, who have lost the strong staff on which they leaned, let them all remember what it is "to *die in the Lord;*" and let them carry in their hearts the sweet memory

of what it has been in this case. Never did evening shadows lengthen more quietly than this faithful man sunk to his rest. And "they which are fallen asleep in Christ *are not perished;*" for "the souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory; and their bodies, being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection." Who can tell the joyousness of such a transition!—Passing into glory! And how instantaneous! "Absent from the body," and, *thereupon*, "present with the Lord." No long, tiresome walk through a dark and lonely valley; no weary flight upward, as of a bird whose wing faints and quivers with fatigue; but the eager passage of the unfettered spirit, *without delay*, into a congenial Paradise. For the believer, robed in the Saviour's righteousness, *to die*, is but to awaken in the likeness of God; it is but to cease looking "through a glass darkly," and to open the eyes in the beatitude of an immediate vision upon the enthroned Mediator; it is but to close the ears upon all the discords, and maledictions, and sounds of woe, which fill the earth, and to open them on the peaceful harmonies of heaven. Oh that better land beyond the flood! "Violence shall no more be heard in it; wasting

nor destruction within its borders: but its walls shall be called Salvation, and its gates Praise. There the sun shall no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning shall be ended."

And now, as with becoming solemnity we go and lay these earthly remains in the place of their resting, let us listen to the call which comes to us so often from the graves of those we cherish, "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest." Not our rest!—O no! we live in tabernacles only and in tents. Day after day we are nearing home, and soon we shall be there. The storms of human passion are raging around us, and the world is becoming more and more a foreign land every day we live. Changes and commotion meet us all, and God seems to be so ordering events as to keep us ever longing for our Father's house on high. Our graves are, by far, the most permanent of our dwellings. Well, then, may we "groan, being burdened. Not for that we would we unclothed; but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." We know who it is that has gone to prepare a place for us. We know on what rock our heavenly mansion is founded.

May God help us to remember always that we are living on the borders of eternity; that in a moment we may be numbered with the dead. And O that the passing away of the loved, and the useful, and the honoured, from our companionship, may be so sanctified to us, that we shall look upon all our earthly experience—our joys and our sorrows—in the light of that better portion which is offered to us in the gospel of Christ.

"Brethren, arise!
Let us go hence—
What are earth's joys and gems?
What are its diadems?
Our *crowns* are waiting us
Within our Father's house.
Our friends above the skies
Are bidding us, *Arise!*
Our Lord, He calls away
To scenes of brighter day
Than this sad earth can know.
Let us arise and go!"

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